MOTHER EARTH

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MOTHER EARTH

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THE RECKONING

WHAT a spectacle fifty years after the foundation of the Workers' International! Only a few months are gone since we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of that historic event. The journalistic prostitutes in the Socialist movement have "demonstrated" in thousands of articles and essays how wrong the Anarchists were during the great struggle and how successful the tactics of the Socialists proved to be. These scoundrels! To-day they implore the misled workers to defend the respective countries of their exploiters—to cut each others' throats.

O shades of Marx and Bakunin!

Blushing in our shame we bow our heads in this hour of humiliation. The sacred fire of the vestals has gone out. Perturbed in our innermost feelings, distressed to our very soul, we stand on the eve of the reckoning.

"You Anarchists have proved to be right in your criticism; the Socialist movement has broken down; there are no more Socialists; to-day we all are bourgeois."

Thus spoke to me a well-known Socialist editor a few days ago. So the Anarchists were right, after all. Very well; it is encouraging to hear this confession. But will our Marxian friend have the courage to proclaim this truism in the next issue of his paper? If not, go back to the Hessians, my dear soothsayer.

Yes, the Socialist movement has broken down; broken

down in the most crucial hour, at the very moment it should have struck out and forever destroyed the spirit of barbarism. Broken down, because betrayed in the hour of danger by ambitious politicians, sold for a mess of pottage by hirelings of the enemy. Yes, the idea of international brotherhood has broken down.

But who is responsible for this tremendous debacle? In the eyes of the great Socialist leaders and diplomats, we were dreamers and utopians. Sardonically and with pointed irony they used to sneer at our naivete. They knew better. Slowly, step by step, they marched—in scientific measure—to capture the enemy. By accepting his views, his beliefs, his tactics, they were sure to force the archfiend, the State, to capitulate. Yes, and they ended by becoming his zealous defenders, his most trusted lackeys.

These traitors to the Social Revolution, how they poisoned the generous feelings of the Socialist proletariat, how they demoralized the great movement by corrupting the workers into voting cattle in times of peace and into cannon fodder in war time! If these Hyndmans, Turatis, Vanderveldes, Guedes, Troelstras and their followers would not have propagated the ideas of German militarism, as represented by the German Social Democracy in the international Socialist movement, we would not witness to-day this terrible bankruptcy of international brotherhood among the progressive workers of the world.

These very same Briands, Millerands, Guedes, and Vanderveldes, who to-day decry the stand of the German Social Democracy, have helped the leaders of the German Social Democracy at the International Congresses at Zürich in 1893, and in London in 1896, to exclude the German Anarchists, thus strengthening the spirit of discipline, the most effective form of militarism among the German people.

Our German comrades labored so far under really tragic disadvantages, because a great part of the international proletariat upheld the authoritian, militaristic ideas of the German Social Democracy, thus hindering the spread of libertarian anti-militaristic ideas among the German people. The ideas of Anarchism and free So-

cialism as propagated by a Reinsdorf, a Most, a Hasselmann, and the German Anarchist martyrs of Chicago, found so little response in Germany because the Socialists of other countries pointed proudly to the great effectiveness of the disciplinary movement of the Social Democracy in that country.

Again we ask ourselves, What's to be done? Comrades in distress, in this hour of great mental suffering, it behooves us to keep the oriflamme of International Brotherhood unfurled. Let us keep our mental vision riveted on our goal: the destruction of the exploitation of mankind and the establishment of a free society.

Militarism, as represented to-day in its extreme form by the ruling class of Germany, is the greatest enemy of the libertarian revolutionary movement. But this militarism cannot be destroyed by defending the "higher civilization" of the exploiters of other countries. It cannot be destroyed *from without by another militarism.* The destruction must come from *within,* by the German people themselves. The race that went through the great uprisings of oppressed peasants; who founded the international order of the Illuminates; who greeted with enthusiasm the Fall of the Bastile; whose greatest thinkers gathered in the International Republic of Letters; who saw the movement of *Jung Deutschland;* whose men proclaimed the Republic in 1848, and who witnessed the formation of the *Jungest Deutschland,*— this race will also throw off the yoke of militarism. *From within, not by militarism from without.*

Only by repudiating the authoritarian principles of the German Social Democracy and by spreading libertarian ideas among the workers of the world,—only thus can the spirit of militarism be destroyed.

The bourgeois view of civilization is not ours. George Guelp and Asquith do not represent the free spirit of the English race; Wilhelm Hohenzollern and Bethmann-Hollweg do not represent the idealism of the German race; Poincaré and Millerand are not the voice of French culture; Nicholas Romanoff and Goremikin are not the soul of Russia. The bourgeoisie of all these countries does not represent the working people; neither does it represent the artists, scientists and thinkers of these races. It serves only to keep up the rulers and the parasites, thus perpetuating the system.

We cannot become dupes of the idea of "higher civilization." We cannot become partisans of this or that group of exploiters, this or that group of civilized barbarians. We appreciate beauty of language, we enjoy artistic expression, we admire intellectual activity *wherever we find them;* but we cannot recognize nationalistic chauvinism. *We know only comrades.*

The ruler, the judge, the hangman, the fat priest who claims to represent an almighty power, the greasy bourgeois who worships his belly as his god,—in whatever country they may be, they are our enemies.

Can we conceive of the massacred workers of the Commune defending the civilization of the jobbers, exploiters, parasites and demi-mondaines of France? Can we imagine a Ravachol, a Henry, an Etievant, a Vaillant defending the "higher civilization" of the MacMahons, the Grevys, the Casimir-Periers, the Faures, the Faillieres and—the Romanoffs?

Victorious militarism in Japan could not prevent the spread of Anarchistic ideas. The spirit of freedom will not be suffocated in the holocaust of blood-madness. The blind, victimized workers will awaken; they will very soon perceive the treachery of the advice of their misleaders. A new, stronger International will be organized—an International imbued with uncompromising spirit, founded in the hour of distress and suffering, baptized in spiritual awakening. It will gather the betrayed members of the working class throughout the world; it will mirror the aspirations and pulsate with the hope of the despairing, downtrodden proletarians in every country.

This new International will form the army of the Social Revolution, an invincible phalanx of conscious workers who will declare war on the exploiters in all countries, destroy inequality and oppression, and establish the free society.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

WAR: THE TRIUMPH OF BARBARISM

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

AT the mere mention of the word war, I am seized with a sense of bewilderment, as though I heard of witchcraft, of the inquisition, of some far distant thing, ended long ago, abominable and monstrous, against all natural law.

When we talk of cannibals, we proudly smile and proclaim our superiority over these savages. Which are the savages, the true savages? Those who fight to eat the vanquished or those who fight to kill, only to kill?

The gallant little soldiers running about over there are as surely doomed to death as the flocks of sheep driven along the road by the butcher. They will fall on some plain, with their heads split open by sabre cuts or their chests riddled by bullets, and yet they are young men, who might work, produce something, be useful. Their fathers are old and poverty-striken, their mothers, who during twenty years have loved them, adored them as only mothers can adore, may perchance hear in six months or a year that the son, the child, the big fellow, reared with so much care, at such an expense and with so much love, has been cast in a hole like a dead dog, after having been ripped open by a bullet and trampled, crushed, mangled by the rush of cavalry charges. Why have they killed her boy, her beautiful boy, her sole hope, her pride, her life? She cannot understand. Yes, indeed, why?

War! fighting! slaughtering! butchering men! And to think that now, in our own century, with all our civilization, with the expansion of science and the height of philosophy to which the human race is supposed to have attained, we should have schools in which we teach the art of killing, of killing from a distance, to perfection, numbers of people at the same time; poor devils, innocent men, fathers of families, men of untarnished reputation. The most astounding thing is that the people do not rise up against the governing power. What difference is there then between monarchies and republics? And what is more astounding still, why does society not rise up bodily in rebellion at the word "war"?

Ah! We shall ever continue to live borne down by the old and odious customs, the criminals prejudices, the ferocious ideas of our barbarous forefathers, for we are but animals, and we shall remain animals, led only by instinct, and that nothing will ever change.

Should we not have spurned any other than Victor Hugo, who should have launched forth the grand cry of deliverance and truth?

"To-day might is called violence, and is beginning to be condemned; war is arraigned. Civilization, at the demand of all humanity, directs an inquiry and indicts the great criminal brief against conquerors and generals. The nations are beginning to understand that the aggrandizement of a crime can in no way lessen it; that if to murder a great many does not create any extenuating circumstance; that if robbery is a disgrace, invasion cannot be a glory.

"Ah! Let us proclaim the peremptory truth, let us dishonor war."

Idle anger, poetic indignation! War is more venerated than ever.

A clever artist in such matters, a slaughtering genius, Monsieur de Moltke, replied one day to some peace delegates in the following extraordinary words:

"War is holy and of divine institution; it is one of the sacred laws of nature; it keeps alive in men all the great and noble sentiments, honor, disinterestedness, virtue, courage; in one word, it prevents them from falling into the most hideous materialism."

Therefore to collect a herd of hundreds of thousands of men, march day and night without respite, to think of nothing, study nothing, learn nothing, read nothing, be of no earthly use to any one, rot with dirt, lie down in mire, live like brutes in a continual besotment, pillage towns, burn villages, ruin nations; then meeting another similar agglomeration of human flesh, rush upon it, shed lakes of blood, cover plains with pounded flesh mingled with muddy and bloodly earth; pile up heaps of slain; have arms and legs blown off, brains scattered without benefit to any one, and perish at the corner of some field while your old parents, your wife and children are dying of hunger; this is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism!

Warriors are the scourge of the earth. We struggle against nature and ignorance, against obstacles of all kinds, in order to lessen the hardships of our miserable existence. Men, benefactors, scholars wear out their lives toiling, seeking what may help, what may solace their brethren. Eager in their useful work, they pile up discovery on discovery, enlarging the human mind, extending science, adding something each day to the stock of human knowledge, to the welfare, the comfort, the strength of their country.

War is declared. In six months the generals have destroyed the efforts of twenty years' patience and genius. And this is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism.

We have seen war. We have seen men maddened and gone back to their brute estate, killing for mere pleasure, killing out of terror, out of bravado, from sheer ostentation. Then, when right no longer exists, when all notion of justice has disappeared, we have seen ruthlessly shot down innocent beings who, picked up along the road, had become objects of suspicion simply because they were afraid. We have seen dogs as they lay chained up at their master's gate killed in order to try a new revolver; we have seen cows riddled with bullets as they lay in the fields, without reason, only to fire off guns, just for fun.

And this is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism. To invade a country, to kill the man who defends his home on the plea that he wears a smock and has no forage cap on his head, to burn down the houses of the poor creatures who are without bread, to break, to steal furniture, drink the wine found in the cellars, violate the women found in the streets, consume thousands of francs' worth of powder and leave behind misery and cholera.

This is what is called not falling into the most hideous materialism.

What have they ever done to show their intelligence, these valiant warriors? Nothing. What have they invented? Guns and cannons. That is all.

The inventor of the wheelbarrow, has he not done more for humanity by the simple and practical idea of

fitting a wheel between two poles than the inventor of modern fortifications?

What remains of Greece? Books and marbles. Is she great by what she conquered or by what she produced? Was it the invasion of the Persians that prevented her from falling into the most hideous materialism? Was it the invasion of the barbarians that saved Rome and regenerated her?

Did Napoleon the First continue the great intellectual movement begun by the philosophers at the end of the last century?

Well, yes, since governments assume the right of death over the people, there is nothing astonishing in the people sometimes assuming the right of death over governments.

They defend themselves. They are right.

THE MINERS' REVOLT IN BUTTE

By Wm. Z. Foster.

IN the history of the labor movement there is perhaps no more remarkable event than the revolt of the Butte miners against the Western Federation of Miners. Not only did the miners quit their old union in a body and start a new one, but they also drove the W. F. of M. officials out of town on pain of death, and finally dynamited and destroyed their historic union hall, doing some $50,000 damage. Such an event should give serious pause to all union men. Its causes should be most carefully studied and its lessons taken to heart.

The chief functions of the old union seem to have been to serve as a sick and death benefit society, to dig up vast sums of money in assessments to finance the many ill-fated strikes of the W. F. of M. in Cobalt, Bingham Canyon, Lead, Calumet, etc., and to boost the outside crafts to better conditions. It has done very little to benefit the conditions of the Butte miners.

For a long time, especially during the last two years, the progressive miners, led by a handful of I. W. W.'s and a large number of "red" Socialists, have diligently tried to put the union on an effective basis. They were opposed by their union officials, who used tactics comparable only to those of Tweed, Quay, Hinky Dink,

Cox, *et al.*, in the palmiest days of American politics. Nor is evidence lacking to show that the company took an active part in the union affairs, with at least the knowledge, if not the connivance, of the union officials. One method of doing this is well worth a detailed account.

Though serving as a meeting place for a union of seven thousand men, the Miners Union Hall had a seating capacity of but about six hundred. To pack this hall so that undesirable elements would be kept out was an easy task for the company. The several hundred bosses in the fifty odd mines would each pick out one or two "good" men and quietly send them home on full pay, with instructions to go early to the union hall. Thus when the body of the miners would arrive at the hall they would find it already full to capacity with company lickspittles, ready for the work of reaction. This system of packing the hall was a growth of many years, becoming ever more elaborate. It was used whenever some important project was on foot among the miners.

The smallness of the hall played an important part in the history of the mis-management of the Butte union. There are those who claim that it was the one insurmountable obstacle that prevented the rebel element from cleansing the union, hence their peculiarly bitter hatred for the hall that finally culminated in its destruction. It was a very monument to company control of the union. As long as it stood, the old danger of packed meetings loomed big.

The actual control of the union by its officials often bordered on the outrageous, if overwhelming testimony is to be believed. Elections were commonly a farce. Each member voting was supposed to have his union card stamped to that effect. However, the gang stamper would only pretend to stamp the cards of the "good" men. These worthies would thus be enabled to vote ad infinitum. Barefaced frauds were practiced in the counting of votes. Objectors to these practices were laughed at, or if needs be, slugged.

For years the militants stood these abuses. Appeals to the general officers of the W. F. of M. availed them

nothing. A widespread report in Butte has it that the W. F. of M. officials winked at the Butte irregularities in return for the solid support of the Butte delegation. Finally came the straw that broke the camel's back. At the last election, June 2, 1914, the militants made a determined stand, but were ingloriously defeated. They were unable to secure any judges of election, and worse yet, their proposition to use the city voting machines, which would at once have guaranteed an honest election and saved the union a large sum of money, was defeated by the usual tactics. Convinced that there was no chance for a fair election, they withdrew, leaving the old guard a clear field.

This incident produced a profound impression among the miners. Only a spark was needed to start a conflagration. This came at the Butte Miners' Day celebration. The parade had halted. A few remarks were made by bystanders. Like a flash the long growing hatred for the union officials blazed forth and the affair was on. The union officials were driven off, and later on, the interior of the hall was wrecked.

After this event the miners held a big mass meeting in which they repudiated the W. F. of M. They then launched the new union. The latter, known as Butte Miners Workers Union, now claims a membership of over 8,000, while the old union, save for the engineers who remained loyal to the W. F. of M., is seemingly nonexistent.

After the launching of the new union, President Moyer went to Butte with a belated compromise calling for the resignation of all the local officials of the old union. But it was too late; the miners had taken the bit between their teeth. When President Moyer tried to put his proposition before them, the riot developed in which the hall was dynamited and he and the other union officials had to flee from Butte. The responsibility for this riot rests largely with the W. F. of M. faction, for it was from the inside of the hall that the fatal shooting began.

The Socialist party in the Butte affair has pursued a course of steering between the two extremes. It has at once opposed the old officials and the extremist "reds."

It has won the cordial hatred of both factions. Its chances to maintain itself in power in Butte are anything but bright.

The stabbing of the Socialist Mayor Duncan, done ostensibly because he would not order a W. F. of M. sympathizer from Butte, was in reality the culmination of a long feud between the "yellow" and "red" Socialists in Butte. The "red," by clever manipulation, secured control of the S. P. in Butte. Wishing to fill the city with "reds" so as the better to carry on their propaganda in the unions, they decided to secure control of the position of street commissioner in order that the visiting "reds" could find ready employment. Mayor Duncan on learning their scheme circumvented it by appointing a hostile street commissioner. Then to avoid an open repudiation of the party mandate, he brought charges of advocacy of sabotage and direct action against the leaders of the "reds." When they were acquitted he was instrumental in taking away the character of the local and organizing it upon a "yellow" basis. Thus he earned the bitter animosity of the expelled "reds," of whom his assailant was one.

The part played by the I. W. W.'s and other "reds" in the revolt was a considerable one—they are in the majority on the executive committee of the new union. But to assert they are the cause of the present trouble, or that it is the result of a deep laid plot is nonsensical. Doubtless some of the I. W. W.'s afflicted with the chronic dual union idea, have all along dreamed of a day when they could break up the Butte union or force it into the I. W. W. and no doubt this element did much to emphasize the new union idea. But that they themselves caused the revolt is out of the question. Trade unionists do not destroy their unions and union halls, and chase their officials out of town at the simple behest of a handful of radicals. A profound discontent based on real grievances, was behind the action of the Butte miners. I am told by many that took part in the revolt that it was a purely spontaneous affair. The militants had exhausted every legitimate means to correct the abuses in the union, but without avail. The parliamentary machinery of the union was broken down. Force

alone remained, and they used that, advisedly or not. The pitcher had gone once too often to the well.

What will be the attitude of the American labor movement toward the seceding miners? Will it take the narrow position that a breach of discipline justifies any and all reprisals? Will it encourage the W. F. of M. to go into Butte again and try to force the miners to time with the Golden or Tobin tactics? In full recognition of the seriousness of secession in the ranks of labor, the writer believes it would be wrong to do any of these things. The best thing to do would be to treat the matter in the big way.

True, the Butte miners have gone the limit, but so also have the W. F. of M. officials. They are the real cause of the present trouble; had they done their duty it would not have occurred. Therefore, let the score stand even. Don't try to discipline anyone off hand. Have a national commission of reliable men hear both sides of the controversy. Let it make awards accordingly. If this is done, I am sure the Butte miners will soon be back in the fold again, probably through the medium of the U. M. W. of A., which they favor strongly. Contrary to the hysterical versions of President Moyer and a few others, the seceding miners have small liking for the I. W. W. and a strong sentiment for the U. M. W. of A., and no one knows this better than the I. W. W's in Butte. Already they are in death grips with the more conservative elements for the control of the new union. They know that the best way to wreck it would be to try to swing it into the I. W. W.

Unless something like this is done to give the Butte miners a square deal; unless the W. F. of M. is discouraged from disciplining them, at all costs, the writer is convinced the outcome will be a calamity to the whole labor movement, as well as to the W. F. of M. Any interference of the W. F. of M. in Butte at this time, would at once provoke a great strike. To live up to its closed shop agreement the W. F. of M. would have to furnish strike-breakers. This would result in a war that would end by practically destroying both unions as well as work havoc in general throughout the labor movement.—*The Toiler.*

EMMA GOLDMAN'S VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO

BY REB RANEY

SOME one once "came, and saw, and conquered." Emma Goldman did not do that. She came, and saw, and *disturbed*—which is more, to a particular mind. Anybody armed with a sufficient number of machine guns can conquer, temporarily, at least, in the sense of suppressing opposition. It takes a sturdier compound to invade a fortified precinct, unarmed, and cause the steel plates of Satisfaction to twist perceptibly. The invader, in this case, may not have disturbed the shining shield of stupidity to any great degree; but it is certain the village is less smooth than it was before she descended to these parts. The water is sweeter-smelling in some pools.

The number of wrinkles is not important. The fact that the skin of the community proved itself vulnerable is all that counts. The wind of enlightened discontent hit the cheeks of our jaded municipality a merry old jab; and Mistress Apathy's complexion shows a dent or two which it did not have before. The old lady will doubtless repair to the beauty parlors to have her cuticle reglazed, but epidermis is a stubborn quantity, once it suffers a collision with Expansion.

Miss Goldman ushered in her attack on the Established with a mental bomb, surnamed "Revolution or Reform, Which?" Several representative, vote-attired Socialists listened to the sizz and blast of the discourse, without either protest or query. One preacher of the ballot-saving process, well known for his New Testament leanings, did retire before the speaker answered the question: "How old was the Socialist party before Christianity crept into its tenets?" Aside from his footfalls, there was no effort made to combat the speaker. And it may be added, *he* was merely going out—of the hall.

At that particular meeting, Miss Goldman's manager announced that the lecturer would willingly meet any representative Socialist in debate. I was interested to hear the silence that greeted this offer. There seemed to be no animation whatever in the breasts of the gentlemen espousing delegation tactics.

Subsequent themes were: "Our Moral Censors"; "The Superman in Relation to the Social Revolution"; "The Hypocrisy of Charity"; "The Intellectual Proletarians"; "The Conflict of the Sexes"; and "The Mothers' Strike"—meat for giants, served to Tom Thumbs, with the exception of the Sex discussion, and that of the "Mothers' Strike." These two subjects aroused an interest which the Superman or his kind failed utterly to awaken. Perhaps the audience realized that the Superman is to come; whereas Sex has not only arrived, but is still arriving. About the only thing the lecture on the Superman brought forth was a wild bombardment of questions, as to whether John Smith, Jim Brown, Ed. Jones, or similar male notables, deserved to be catalogued with Frederick Nietzsche's conception of a master pattern. The air was filled with the wild desire of adherents to list their favorite sons. The women seemed all to understand that those who bear the race are not eligible to a niche in the realm of superiority. It is terrible what training does to the submissive!

It was refreshing to see the fearless frankness which welcomed the discussion on sex. Under a hail of medical and anatomical terms, the audience listened as though it were hearing a choice assortment of excerpts from the Catechism. No one seemed to think it a criminal commission to call the parts of the human body by their right names. No one prayed General Modesty to shoot down Truth with the silencer of moral etiquette. Organs, and acts, and barring modes were named without abashment; and men and women looked at each other with the healthy exchange that comes of candor. Mr. Comstock would have found himself chilled to the bone in such an atmosphere of understanding. It plainly was no place for one requiring the curtain of restraint.

Following the propaganda lectures, before referred to, Miss Goldman gave her dramatic course, covering the important modern contributions of France, Ireland, Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, England, and America; the last, the writer purposely relegates, because it is the least rich in material.

It was interesting to note an increase in attendance as the lectures progressed. People seemed to come to a realization that they were really missing something,

as the cultural session waned. Of course, the populace was being dizzily regaled with a photoplay production of one of our 'best sellers'—"The Valley of the Moon" —at the time, and it was hardly to be expected that anything enlightening should successfully compete with such an exhilarating exhibition of reel maudlinism. My home, My wife, My dog, My kettle are still at the premium pitch in this, the age of piffling scintillation.

Two incidents marked Miss Goldman's stay in San Francisco, which will bear touching upon. One was her invasive appearance at a meeting of the Sex Hygiene Congress, holding sessions in this city with the avowed aim of spreading intelligence abroad. At this meeting, Miss Goldman was given opportunity to reply to the medical gentlemen who laid all our sexo-social ills at the door of designing sirens. One medico, in particular, drew such a picture of sailorman distress; of the poor, suffering middy entering port with a pouch full of sovereigns and no repose whatever; of the fiendish assault upon his person and property by the mermaid of our civilized debauchery pens, that verily the sound of dropping tears interfered with the reading of this learned scientist's manuscript.

Not a word had a single physician to say for her who gives the only commodity she has, in order that she may live. Neither pity nor understanding seemed to be a part of their satchel's equipment.

Miss Goldman took the floor and, among other things, quoted Bernard Shaw's estimation of criminality in England, citing his declaration that in all England there are not more than fifty professional criminals; whereas the country is ripe with Poverty-stricken wrongdoers.

In a five-minute exposition, the speaker stripped the mask of hypocrisy from off our ugly sore. She laid bare the root of infection which is strewing the earth with the victims of its wrath. She hoisted the ogre of POVERTY, and told her timid auditors that as long as they harbored that eater of men's souls, they could never hope to rid themselves of its ghastly exudations.

To my amazement, applause followed her delivery, which made me conclude it is more than possible that the Instructors of our palavered sanctity do not believe all they say. How wonderful it would be if the frock-

coated Teachers of our disinfected order would take heart, and give their pupils Meat—on occasion—instead of the Coca-Cola bouillon they dispense in the name of Nutriment!

The second incident, which lent added color to Miss Goldman's sojourn in our midst, was her attendance at the concluding portion of a Radical Club dinner, whereat a Professor, in the employ of the government, was the speaker, his subject being, "Unemployment."

Miss Goldman, upon her entrance, was called upon to give her view of the theme under discussion. But, not having heard the Professor's remarks, she rightly declined to answer an echo. Whereupon the Professor, by request, arose and recited his remedy for the injustices which enmesh us.

He stated, as his firm belief, that love and kindness would alone solve the difficulties which are corroding the human race with distress; that the man, who prescribed force, was laboring under the delusion of a disordered imagination; that the very idea of compelling recognition through the gun or bomb or both was not only "cheap," but "silly." He decried a notion, which he seemed to take for granted existed, namely, the notion that improvement would come through a change of occupants, as regards the chair of rulership. The Doctor seemed obsessed with the belief that the rebellious toiler's one idea was to ensconce himself in the seat of the mighty, and banish the present Lords of Creation to the hideous doom of daily toil. The idea seemed to fill the good Professor with an inexpressible dread.

Miss Goldman heard the Doctor's recommendations out with a quiet that augured no good for the college declaimer. Any one knowing the will and conviction of his attention-riveted listener, could have foretold that a grilling response would presently emanate from a certain quarter of the hall. And it did.

Miss Goldman rose, with the quick movement of one become incensed through repression.

"Friends," she began. "If I had not known that a college Professor was going to address you, I should have been more eager to get here earlier. You know

there is a saying that when you have heard one college Professor, you have heard them all.

"My dear Doctor," addressing that well-dressed supplicant for love and good will, "a moment ago, you referred to a comrade, sitting over there," pointing to a far table, "and you had the temerity to say to him, because he dared approve and advocate the musket as a fitting and effective answer to the brutality which employs you, you had the presumption, the impudence to tell that boy that what he said is 'silly,' is 'cheap'.

"My dear Professor," leveling the searchlight of a beaming intelligence on the recipient of her disfavor, "that boy knows more of life in one hour than you will ever learn. He has been scalded in the cauldron of greed, and his burns cry out the pain which statistics can never reach.

"You say to him: he is cheap, because forsooth, he has the courage to look your lying regime in the face, and tell it what it is; because suffering has given him the manhood to repudiate your Sunday school preachments, and openly assert his right and purpose to employ the only weapon left him: the weapon which the capitalist class fears, uses, and disavows. Let me tell you, you have not answered that boy.

"I say to you, speaking as an Anarchist, whose principle is against force, that, in the present society, I regard force as a constructive element. The cobwebs of your palsied, cockle-brained edifice must be brushed aside, before even a beginning can be made towards reconstruction.

"You say Love and Kindness must be, are, in fact, the only remedy.

"When the women and children were being burnt alive in the tents of Ludlow would your idea have been to send up prayers; to love the fiends of hell, who snuffed out those lives? I hope, if you had been there, you would have been man enough to take up and level a musket; and I hope you would have aimed straight."

I have not the space to quote Miss Goldman to the degree I would wish. It is enough, in conclusion, to say that answer could not be made her when, in finishing, she thundered: "So long as you have organized violence on top, you will have violent resistance at the bottom."

With one blow, she struck the chord of explanation which, though denied forever and a day, will still be true.

As a last word, let me say: that although the newspapers pursued a policy of conspirative silence during Miss Goldman's visit to San Francisco; although even the *Bulletin* denied her so much as a word of announcement or review, on the ground that friendly notice of her, last year, had cost the paper $15,000 in advertising; even with these drawbacks, Emma Goldman's pilgrimage to these parts has been worth while, vastly so. She has come, like the rain in a season of drought, and helped to gladden the parched roots of many a valiant soul.

Long life, and good luck to you, little fighter for a Better Day! When you come again next year, there will be some warm hearts waiting to receive you.

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ON THE TRAIL

Exultant unto the heights,
Saddened unto the depths.

CITIES, like human beings, have their peculiar psychology, which is extremely difficult to account for. Thus it often happens that the most wide-awake and energetic place will prove dull, inert and unresponsive, while a city usually placid and cold may suddenly blaze forth into a perfect glow of receptivity.

PORTLAND, dear old contentedly lazy Portland, never had anything in its favor except natural beauty and a few of our staunch friends. Imagine then our surprise when on this visit we met with a response and eagerness which was not unlike the condition of a soul awakened to life by the magic touch of love. It was a revelation. Eight hundred men and women crowded into a hall on a stifling July afternoon to register their interest in Revolution as against Reform. And from that moment till the very end of our visit the enthusiasm of our audiences remained unabated. Indeed, so great was the interest aroused that a guarantee fund was suggested to bring us back from Seattle for a second week of free lectures.

As I have said before, cities—like human beings—

have their moods, if one can only get at the source of them. I shall therefore attempt to ascertain the cause or rather causes which were instrumental in changing the attitude toward our work in the city of Portland.

Primarily, I believe, it is the quiet but persistent efforts of one man, Charles Erskine Scott Wood. For years past this remarkable man has exerted an influence in the community which is as unique as it is telling. I say remarkable, because his social position is that of the ultra respectable and conservative, while his intellectual standing is that of the most outspoken and unflinching opponent of our social fabric with all its injustice and sham.

Nearly every one in Portland knows C. E. S. Wood, and though in his social set he is looked upon as a sort of American Don Quixote, those who have any ideal at all know that he can be depended upon to oppose vigorously every wrong and to support every cause in behalf of human liberty. In fact, the brilliancy of his mind and the deep humanity of his being exert an influence even on the most conservative.

It would be an exaggeration to say that C. E. S. Wood has been instrumental in changing the mode of life of those who grow fat on the sweat of labor; but he has succeeded in weakening the spirit of bigotry toward an unpopular cause. It is due to this, for instances, that a liberal atmosphere prevails in the Public Library; in fact, so liberal that every shade of opinion is welcomed in its halls; aye, even the views of E. G.,—a circumstance unheard of in any other similar institution in the country.

The meeting at the Library was the largest we had in Portland, a tremendous audience jamming the place, with as many more turned away for lack of room; and what is even more remarkable, it was the most enthusiastic gathering that attended that series. I chose as the topic of the evening a subject which seemed to me most appropriate for the occasion, "Intellectual Proletarians." I must have succeeded in bringing home to my listeners their economic dependence and utter insecurity as well as their relation to their brother wage slaves; at any rate, the lecture struck fire and created enough stir to insure all our other meetings.

Mr. Wood presided. How I wish I could repro-

duce his speech! If only that our readers might learn to appreciate the spirit of the man, which neither class, caste nor station has obscured, so powerful and universal it is in its passionate yearning for a new and free arrangement of life.

The second factor, in a measure more immediate, which has awakened Portland, is undoubtedly the strike and the siege of unemployment that visited the city, and the splendid agitation in connection with it carried on by the Justice group. Added to this are the activities of the I. W. W. through the entire State of Oregon. There is also the attempt of the Prohibition party and kindred reactionary forces to turn Oregon into a desert of Sahara, which has fertilized the soil for our ideas. In fact the most bitterly opposed and at the same time wildly applauded lecture was the one on "The Immorality of Prohibition and Continence." Even some I. W. W. members were good enough to suggest that by opposing the invasiveness of the Prohibition on the ground of liberty, I am merely dragging the latter through the mire.

Who knows, the I. W. W. may yet become a peace-loving, law-abiding and ultra-respectable institution. Everything is possible between heaven and hell, which seems to be the present state of that organization. Fortunately, however, the individual is always superior to the institution. That accounts for the splendid types of I. W. W. one meets throughout the country.

Covington Hall, of *The Voice of the People,* whom it was my pleasure to meet, is such a type. His knowledge of the labor movement and his wide outlook upon the economic struggle, places him far beyond the narrow confines of the "One Big Union." Both at our social for Rangel-Cline, Suhr & Ford and at the Anti-War meeting in Portland, Covington Hall pleaded for a deeper solidarity as against all petty quibbles so much in vogue among the radicals everywhere.

Needless to say, the Prohibitionists are frothing with pious rage. They swear that I am in the pay of the liquor interests and their papers insist that I plead for "liquor and lust."

I confess that if I had to choose between the morality of the Y. M. C. A., the sober dullness of the Prohibition

party and lust, I would have to plead guilty to the charge, because I know that nothing worth while has ever come from the sterile mind of puritanism nor from the dry, hard soil of prohibition.

A city may have a change of heart, and yet not crystallize its interest. In the case of Portland we were fortunate in having a few splendid workers who utilized the new-born interest, among them the Justice Group, John Spicer, who is an I. W. W., Helen and Walter Wilson, Ruth Chapin and her lovely daughter, Elizabeth, Nunya Halperin, Miss Wittenberg, and our old friend Rosie, the author of "Thoughts of a Fool."

But the one ahead of all, the very spirit of them, was dear little Pauline Cantor. She it was who arranged the first series of lectures, secured the Public Library, and made the canvass of those who pledged the guarantee fund. She it was who acted as "chief cook and bottle washer," distributing cards, sitting at the cash box, selling books. Above all, it is Pauline who has the wonderful capacity to harmonize conflicting elements and to induce them to work, and that by the example of devotion which her very being exhales.

Then there were the few who gave out of their store of personal affection, Kittie Beck, Nelda Rosenthal and several others. But who can do justice to their contribution? Like all else that emanates from the depth of the human breast, their love and devotion are measureless.

Portland was indeed the banner experience of our tour, an inspiration never to be forgotten.

SEATTLE proved flat and uninteresting; not for want of friends, but because of our old handicap, the lack of halls. Our Comrade Ed Mattson tried hard enough, but all he could secure was an out-of-the way and inaccessible place. The result was poor attendance in point of numbers and quality.

The only event in Seattle was my debate with a Socialist light, Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who, like his colleague, Mr. Watson, of Brooklyn fame, saved me much energy with his argument that under Socialism unruly characters will be forced to hunger strike or be placed in a strait-jacket. When I suggested that we have already reached that dream, as demonstrated by the treatment

accorded Becky Edelsohn, Mr. Gilbert seemed to think that I knew nothing of the superiority of the Socialist hunger strike and strait-jacket to that of the capitalist régime.

Our Comrades Mattson, Lilienblatt, Orcelia and Morell, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Soubel, and several others helped to bring some color into the otherwise grey setting of Seattle.

The meeting in TACOMA was not better, but then it was arranged in great haste and by a single Comrade, our friend Sam Hammersmark. But it was counterbalanced by our visit to Home Colony. We met many old and new friends. Dear Gertie Vose has aged since 1898, but her spirit is ever young. Frankie Moore is as motherly and sweet as when first she played hostess to us in her respectable home many years ago. The Erkelines, as true and staunch as ever; Jenny Lavroff, generous and splendid; Billie Ball, strange and interesting; Charlie Greenbaugh, keenly alert to our needs of quiet privacy. And then the children, how wonderful they are in the freedom fo their surroundings! All in all, our visit was a treat indeed.

BUTTE may be built on a bluff, but the recent events in that city prove that the awakened workers of that town are in dead earnest. They have demonstrated the power of direct action as no other group of men in recent times.

The dynamite which demolished the old Miners Hall is as nothing compared with the splendid spirit which demolished the corruption-eaten régime of the old organization. With such a stormy background, it may not have been so difficult as in the past to arrange our meetings. We had five in all, of which the Anti-War and Birth Strike meetings were the largest.

However, the credit for our success is again due to our beautiful Comrades Annie and Abe Edelstadt, and their children, Albert and Sadie; especially to Albert, who now goes about with head high, because it was his first independent venture to organize my meetings.

If Butte had never given us anything in the way of propaganda results, it would still be a bright spot of joy because of the Edelstadts. For over a quarter of a century now they have been in the Anarchist movement.

They have experienced every phase of human sorrow, every shade of disappointment, yet their spirit is as undaunted, young and unswerving as if they had but recently allied themselves with our work. Indeed, I know of no other home which expresses to the fullest the beauty of Communism and the freedom of our ideal as that of the Edelstadts. No wonder every wanderer in the revolutionary movement finds a haven of rest with them. When we arrived we found Caroline Nelson who, though not an Anarchist, was received with the same love.

Poor Caroline is now learning that intolerance and bigotry is as prevalent among I. W. W. as it is among all institutionalists. Because she dared criticise centralization, the bundle orders of *The Voice of the People* were discontinued. Because she was with the Anarchists, spoke with me at the Anti-War meeting and presided at the Birth Strike lecture, she was sweated and denounced by members of the I. W. W. in the most outrageous manner. But Caroline, like all of us, will have to learn that there is no room for the individual under a centralized régime.

Butte closed our tour as the golden rays of the setting sun illumine an imperfect day, spreading glowing hope for those who have the capacity to be "saddened unto the depths and exultant unto the heights."

EMMA GOLDMAN.

TO OUR CHICAGO FRIENDS

THANKS to the interest of several people, I am to deliver a series of lectures in the Fine Arts Building, beginning about October 25th. I shall also speak on the North side. Particulars will appear in our next issue. Those who would rather not wait so long, can get information from Ben Reitman, 3547 Ellis Ave., Chicago. Phone, Douglas 7317.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

HUNGER STRIKING IN AMERICA

By Rebecca Edelsohn.

SINCE my release I have learned that there has been considerable dissension among the radical elements about the efficacy, as a protest, of hunger-striking in general, and about the advisability of my hunger strike in particular.

Personally I feel absolutely justified in the course I pursued; first, because I, as an Anarchist, preferred to place the authorities in such a position that would force them to admit their impotence, rather than appeal to them for aid; secondly, to prove as far as possible that as soon as government is confronted with an unusual situation and determination, its machinery receives a jolt. It isn't important to me whether one considers the price too high for the propaganda accomplished. That must be left entirely to the individual who undertakes such a protest. I feel that it has been worth while. It has brought forcibly to the attention of the people at large the fact that America has freedom of speech on paper only. It has also emphasized the fact that there is no choice between governments: that one is as tyrannical and brutal as the other; indeed that the democratic Republic of America is even worse than the others.

The hunger strike as a method of protest against unjust sentences, both for political prisoners and so-called common criminals, has been practiced in various countries. But it has been left to what is supposed to be the most liberal government to prove that it can be the most callous and savage. The other governments have either resorted to forcible feeding in an attempt to keep the hunger-striker alive, or else waited a certain length of time and then let the prisoner go. But the "free" American government was quite ready to jeopardize the life of the prisoner, because it was too cowardly to resort to forcible feeding, afraid of the condemnation of thinking people both here and abroad. It also was too petty to rise to the situation and release me, because it feared the bellowing of the pharisees.

One has only to compare the treatment of the English suffragettes with that accorded me. The suffragettes in

Great Britain have never been allowed to hunger-strike longer than ten days, after which forcible feeding was resorted to. Without sharing their aspirations, I yet admire the stand of the English suffragettes and heartily approve of their methods of warfare. Merely for the sake of comparison, I want to note that in the eyes of the smug law-abiding citizen they are guilty of crimes, while I was merely exercising the right of free speech so much boasted about by the law and order mob.

But free speech in America means that you may say only the things that are agreeable to the government. In no country in the world, save Russia, are so many people arrested as in America for exercising the right of voicing an opinion that is not popular with the inert majority.

To me the hunger strike was an interesting and instructive experiment. It brought me in contact with the type of women who are fighting for the vote and more laws. It also brought me in contact with the women who feel the impress of the laws already existing and suffer the injustice of them. And what a difference in the attitude of mind! The one sort, represented by Catherine B. Davis, Commissioner of Correction, found it necessary to stoop to lying in order to hold her miserable job of crushing the already broken spirits of the poor unfortunates in the workhouse. The other type is represented by the young prisoner, Lillie, who, to shield me, willingly went to the dungeon, remaining there handcuffed for four days until she fainted, rather than betray a fellow prisoner. From the first type, the good Lord deliver us. The second gave me inspiration to keep up the fight. Were all women of the first type, I should be ashamed of my sex. But, fortunately, there is a sprinkling of the other, and that makes life worth while.

My experience also served to throw some light on the character of "reform" administration and the rôle suffrage ladies may be expected to play in administering reformed "equal" justice.

The soft-hearted humanitarian, Catherine B. Davis, who shed copious tears over the maltreatment of the suffragette prisoners in England, has turned the workhouse at Blackwell's Island into a veritable hell. Never were conditions in that institution so wretched and miserable

as since the present administration. The food is so rotten that dire hunger alone forces the prisoners to eat it. The cereals wormy, the bread half-baked and stale, the stench of the meat so nauseating, most prisoners barely touch the grub. I myself have seen in the hospital ward sick prisoners served meat full of maggots. From this meat the soup is made, which is supposed to be the main sustenance of the invalids.

The reform administration is priding itself on the hygienic innovations in the prisons, physical examinations and new methods of preventing the spread of disease. What a farce! From thirty to forty prisoners are examined, their pedigrees taken and blood tests made, all within a couple of hours. One can imagine the thoroughness of such methods and the benefits derived by the prisoners. But it serves the purpose of getting more appropriations and creating soft snaps for the friends of the administration.

Our sentimental ladies of both sexes who are horrified at conditions on the East Side, might well spend a little of their energy in cleaning up the pest-house known as the Workhouse. Five and six women are locked in a small stuffy cell from four o'clock in the afternoon until six the following morning, forced to respond to the call of nature in sight of each other, the contents of the single bucket often running over on the floor. What wonder that these "reformative influences" soon crush whatever stamina and spirit the unfortunates may have when they first come to the workhouse. Beaten and worn, driven by hunger outside of prison, the place finally becomes their home, until in Potter's Field they find their last resting place.

As far as the hunger strike is concerned, I feel that although I did not gain my freedom through it, the experience was not in vain. If the radical elements at large had done their share as energetically as the handful of people who were actively interested in my fight, I'm sure that I would have won out.

Some of the latter, when they realized that the authorities intended to let me die, decided to furnish the bond. When the nurse came up, handed me my clothes and told me I was free, I could hardly believe it. But when I caught sight of our faithful Comrade, Eleanor Fitzgerald,

waiting for me in the office, I confess I was not sorry to leave hell.

While I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with the results, still I feel that all the propaganda that could possibly be gotten out of it, had already been accomplished. If the war had not broken out just at that time, I feel certain that the case would have continued to attract even wider public attention and that the authorities would have been forced to some decisive step. It was the numerous letters and telegrams of protest, as well as several mass meetings in various parts of the country, that frightened Commissioner Davis into inducing the press to suppress all reference to the hunger strike. She then felt freer about depriving me of all mail and other means of communication with friends, hoping thus to break my spirit and terminate my strike. The Commissioner of Corruption persisted in assuring every inquirer that I was receiving great care, but when I came out the doctor who examined me, was surprised at my low condition. My blood pressure, two days after my release, registered only 65. In view of the fact that 50 is fatal, the reader may judge for himself what chances the Davis woman was taking on my life. The registry of blood pressure is the only safe test of one's vitality, but not once during the 31 days of my hunger strike was my blood pressure taken in prison.

I undertook the hunger strike as much as a matter of propaganda as of protest. I therefore do not feel that I have given in to the authorities in any way, because—with the interest of the public centered on the war—the authorities could have killed me without arousing too much public notice. While I know that my friends would not have remained silent, I feel that they adopted the only course that was left open to them. Now that I am out, I am glad that they did so; not so much because my life was saved, as I was fully prepared to go any length rather than give in, and many times death would have been easier and preferable to the suffering I was enduring. Yet I am glad for the sake of my comrades who would not have allowed my death to go unavenged.

My experience and the treatment I received at the hands of the authorities has convinced me more than

ever that violent resistance to oppression and invasion is not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary at times. The powers that be are constantly breeding the spirit of violence by their tyranny and arbitrariness. They commit violence at the slightest pretext. Why should we then be respecters of the laws that they break at the least provocation!

THE EFFICACY OF ASSASSINATION

By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

WHETHER or not you are a Christian (my Christian friends say I'm not; my athiest friends say I am, and my Jewish friends wink at me and say nothing), you ought to agree to the Christian dogma that honest confession is good for for the soul. Not necessarily confession to what that Anglican clergyman Charles Kingsley described as "a not over-intelligent gentleman in a white sheet," nor necessarily to the world at large; but at least to yourself. And not necessarily confession of a fault. What I believe in confessing is error; for errors always get me into trouble, and I find that if I confess one I am less ready to make another. This, then, is a confession, and I rather fancy that it is a confession in which a lot of spectacled persons would join if they only had the courage.

For a long time some of us have been going about decrying assassination. We couldn't justify our objection to assassination on moral grounds, so, being naturally timid persons and wanting to object to bloodshed somehow or other, we tried to justify the anti-assassination theory on grounds that pretended to be purely intellectual. We said:

"There's no use in killing a monarch, or an official of any kind. It is worse than criminal: it's foolish. What we must attack is not the individual, but the system; because it is the system that is to blame, and to kill an individual official of the system does not hurt the system."

You know that sort of talk. If I do not sketch it fully enough, turn to the editorial columns of the New York *Call* of almost any date: you'll find it there. It

is always easy to write along this line when you have to fill space. I used to be able to do it in my sleep.

If I had only been lying when I did it, I would not now feel so badly as to want to confess. But the worst of it was that I believed in what I said. I honestly thought that whatever good might come through an assassination in the way, for instance, of propaganda, was overweighed by the sentimental social reaction against the assassin and his comrades. I thought that until the early part of the month of August, 1914.

That month brought the answer that has confuted me and must forever confute those who are what I was. We have all long known that the surest way to end the capitalistic civilization of Europe was to make the various capitalistic European States fly at each other's throats, all at the same time, and play the Kilkenny Cats; but we never knew how to get them started. The other day a boy killed the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and to-day, as a result of that assassination, three-quarters of Europe are at war.

Henceforth no man may say that assassination is a failure, and go unscathed. The man who does say it must lose his reputation either for truth or common sense.

ANTI-MILITARIST PROPAGANDA

OUR friends are familiar with the various activities of the Anti-Militarist League since its organization last winter. We believe we may say, without undue egotism, that in the short time of its existence the League has accomplished very effective work.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize the great need of anti-militarist propaganda, especially at the present time. Almost the whole of Europe is involved in a murderous struggle that would be impossible if the workers were class-conscious or enlightened in an anti-militarist sense.

In our own country we have a number of cases where rebel workers are threatened with death or long terms of imprisonment for their active devotion to the cause of labor. Among these is the Rangel-Cline case which calls for immediate demonstrations of labor solidarity.

Among the other efforts of the Anti-Militarist League is also the work in behalf of the revolutionary activities in Italy, where the near future may witness a tremendous popular uprising.

Events in this country, as well as in Europe, necessitate the keeping of the Anti-Militarist League in the field of action, not only for the purpose of raising funds to help the various labor causes, but also to rouse the attention of the public to the struggles of labor by holding mass meetings, spreading literature and waking the people to protest and action.

As one of the means of raising funds for its further activities the Anti-Militarist League will hold a ball and Bazaar in Lenox Casino, Lenox avenue and 116th street, October 24, at 8 P. M. A striking and original one-act anti-militarist play will be among the features of the affair.

We urge you, who have an interest in the anti-militarist propaganda, to aid our efforts to the best of your ability. You can help our work by contributing to the Agitation Fund of the League, or by assisting us to dispose of Ball Tickets. Also by sending us donations (such as books, pictures, needle-work, nick-nacks, or anything saleable) for our bazaar, as well as interesting your friends in our work, and getting their assistance.

We know you will respond, and therefore hope to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

For Insurrection rather than War,

Fraternally yours,

THE ANTI-MILITARIST LEAGUE,
of Greater New York.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

A FERRER SCHOOL FOR CHICAGO

I understand that some of our New York comrades prefer to pay to have their children taught the truth, rather than to send them to a free school where they are taught the conventional, social, political and religious lies. Consequently, they have started a "Ferrer School" where children are given real information, instead of the misinformation handed out in government

schools. In Chicago there are probably two million members of our class, the working class, or "common" people. I find the uncommon people, always, amongst the common people and believe there are enough of us to support such a school in Chicago, because there must be other parents here who feel with me, that our children's minds are being poisoned against all sound proletarian ideas by a school-system controlled by church and government and the "respectable" element generally.

It is hopeless to expect that boys and girls will develop freely in the slave atmosphere created for them by the political and religious bosses. Haeckel, Spencer, Darwin, as well as the even more important teachings of Bakunin, Ferrer, Kropotkin, Berkman, and the bravest and truest of all women, Emma Goldman, are either ignored, or held up to the contempt of the younger generation, and no matter how liberal, proletarian and communistic the ideas and the lives of the parents are, yet children absorb fully as much in their schools as they do in their homes, and so run the danger of having their minds and hearts gradually corrupted and finally closed to true, humanitarian and liberating influences.

The only cure for this ill seems to be the establishment of our own schools for our children,—schools in which our comrades would know that their children are allowed to develop towards freedom.

To meet this situation, I hereby offer:

1. To send to anyone interested a pamphlet describing the work now being done by the Ferrer School in New York.

2. To lend my house any Sunday afternoon or evening to comrades who wish to discuss this or other related topics. I can easily accommodate fifty people.

3. To offer a place in my home (and my heart) as well as a share of everything I have to any comrade of either sex who would be willing to live with me and start such a school.

4. Classes might at first be started in my house, a fairly large one, in healthy location, near Lake Michigan, and with a fine big yard for outdoor work and play.

As the school grows it will be easy to rent a hall at

the discretion of the teacher, in whose hands of course all the school fees would be placed. Incidentally, my house is open at all times as a reading room where comrades can find MOTHER EARTH, *The Woman Rebel* and books or pamphlets by Bakunin, Kropotkin, Goldman, and others.

Comrades interested, please write to me and we will hold a preliminary meeting as soon as possible.

DR. RUDOLF VON LIEBICH.

1240 Morse Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ANTI-MILITARIST LEAGUE FUND

Cash on hand, June 9, $31.21; Friends of Art & Education, $10.00; raffle tickets, R. Edelsohn, $6.50; collection, Union Square (June 13), $4.30; L. D. Abbott, $10.00; Italian committee, for cablegram, $3.20; B'klyn Anarchist Federation, per Cherniack, $10.00; raffle tickets, per Edelsohn, $4.50; collection, Ferrer lecture, $2.18; Lettish picnic, per L. Berger, $6.35; International Anarchist Federation, B'klyn, $14.00; L. D. Abbott, Tarrytown expenses, $13.00; raffle tickets, $4.50; raffle tickets, $.60; raffle tickets, $4.05; raffle tickets, per Louise Berger, $1.50; pictures of Urn, $.30; collection, Union Square, $5.08; collection, German Anarchists, $1.96; collection, R. Edelsohn case, $6.52; collection, R. Edelsohn case, $5.90; collection, Lettish Anarchist, Red Cross, $3.50; sale of pictures, $.75; sale of pictures, per Fisher, $3.50; collection, per Fisher, $1.00; Mary Heaton O'Brien, $10.00; Dr. J. P. Pfeifer, Chicago, $2.00.

Loans—Fisher, $10.00; Spivak, $1.00; Vila, $2.00; V. Mejor, $2.00; collection, Ferrer Center, $3.50.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO FUNERAL EXPENSES

E. Matheo, $2.50; per Leonard Abbott, $25.00; Levin, $2.00; Freeden & Friend, $6.00; Sadie Rudmontz, $1.00; Wm. Tisch, $1.00; Anna Stetnikoo, $5.00; Frank Cancelleri, $15.00; Max Dolan, $2.00; Freedom Group, Boston, $3.00; Geo. Ehrlich, $1.00; Isa Michalowitz, $.50; M. Metzkow, $1.00; Mina Lowenson, $2.00; E. Mily, $1.00; Albert Throop, $5.00; A. R. Williams, $2.00; M. Alotzary, $2.00; Theo. L. Miles, Elmira, N. Y., $1.00; Simon Pollock, $3.00; Club Avanti, per Cherniack, $4.00; Sam Reitik, $1.00; S. Goldstein, $.50; International Federation of America, $4.00; Friends of Art & Education, per Judin, $5.00; B. L. Keepnews, $1.00; Philip Hoefler, $2.00; Eva Wyeth, $2.00; Fay Lewis, $15.00; M. D., $25.00; Stewart Kerr, $1.00; J. S. R., $10.00; Mina Lowenshon, $8.00; Anna Kolodin, $5.00; M. Bergson, $1.00; Miss Keiper, $2.00; J. E. K., $5.00; Jacob Margolis, $5.00; Friends of Art, per Judin, $8.00; John Rompapas, $3.00; Frank Cancellieri, $7.50; Robt. Tashe, $5.00; T. Jackson, $1.00; G. Waldron, $5.00; Branch No. 2, Local 179, I. W. W., $2.10; H. Fisher, $3.00; Groot, Trenton, $3.50; Sullivan lecture, Ferrer, $12.45; Labor Temple Meeting, $7.79; J. Fish, $1.00; Union Square collection (July 11), $72.79; sale of flowers, $14.00; Groot, $.50; per Cancellieri, $9.00; Patrona & Emanuel, $2.00; H. Fisher, $2.00; Gussie Miller, $10.00; J. Tambie, $3.10; Group Petro Gori, $3.00; L. Seigel, Philadelphia, $1.00; H. Spielberg (musician), $10.00; collection, Mother Earth Office, $17.05; Ida Lowenthal, $1.00; J. Rubeo, $1.00; J. Annaccone, $1.50; P. Stentret, Paterson, N. J., $2.00; A. Fisher, $2.00; K. Schoepke, $2.00; Miss Jackson, $.50; W. English Walling, $5.00; J. Annaccone, $2.15; sale of pictures, $.80; M. Schultze, $3.00; Anna Livshis, $1.00; J. Willard, $.50; J. Banach, $3.00; G. Muchlke, $2.00; sale of pictures, $.70; G. Billings, $.50; Chas. Robbins, $1.00; sale of pictures of Urn, $5.00; collection, Sarah Jeness, $2.80; collection,

Ferrer School, $1.59; sale of pictures of Urn, per Fisher, $5.20; sale of pictures, $.70; contribution, Cigar Factory, $2.75; James Poppers, $1.00; Group Ateo, Vinden, Ill., $2.50; Cornelia Boecklin, $1.00; N. Fingold, $1.00; Marian Wharton, $5.00. Total, $624.37.

DISBURSEMENTS

June 12: Tarrytown expenses, $20; serving papers (M. E. F.), $1.85; witness and papers, $2.30; expense, Marie Yuster, $1.00; June 13: Union Square platform and carfare, $2.00; expense of committee, $4.25; speaker to Brownsville, $.50; N. Y. committee, $2.30; committee expenses, $.85; expenses—prisoners and witnesses, Tarrytown, $28.75; June 17: committee work, $3.40; Italian committee, Tarrytown, $1.00; Brooklyn speaker, $1.05; June 21: Lettish picnic committee, $.45; Mandese committee, $3.00; June 22: Tarrytown expenses, $30.15; supplies for prisoners, $2.13; throwaways, $5.00; June 28: Tarrytown fares, $10.00; committee expenses, $8.15; telephone calls, unemployed business, since March, $16.92; July 2-Aug. 1: fares, Tarrytown trials, $7.00; D. Sullivan committee, $3.00; miscellaneous committees, $15.80; Tarrytown fares, $12.00; Aug. 1-15: printing, $3.00; throwaways, $1.00; postage, $2.00; books to Tarrytown prisoners, Tannenbaum, Woolman, etc., $19.70; Sullivan committee expenses, $1.67; incidentals, $1.40; committee L. B., D. S., A. B., L. G. and R. E., expenses, $20.55; Aug. 15-30: necessaries for B. E. while in prison, $4.25; committees expenses, $3.45; supplies for prisoners, $1.90; funds, D. S., $8.10; committee work, $5.25; tobacco to prisoners, $.75; deposit hall, A. M. Ball and Bazaar, $10.00; committees expenses, $2.00; committee expenses, D. S., $1.20. Total, $288.38.

FUNERAL EXPENSES

July 7-11: to Undertaker Morris, $94.00; postage, $10.00; committees expenses, $3.50; memorial meeting expenses, $18.00; flowers and ribbon, $4.00; incidental expenses, $2.30; expenses at crematory, $1.50; Urn to office, $3.00; fare to crematory, $3.40; crematory committee expenses, $8.75; camera, $5.00; per D. S., $2.00; expense, speaker, Brooklyn, $.80; July 11-15: funeral demonstration, Union Square, $8.68; auto for wreaths and flags, $10.00; expenses, Louise Berger, $22.00; supplies for comrades who lost their clothing, etc., in Lexington explosion, $10.00; Philadelphia delegate, $15.00; platform, Union Square, $2.00; flowers, $5.00; stamps, $1.00; express, $.30; wreaths, $8.00; Ralph committee, $1.00; carfares and errand boys, $1.75; music, $25.00; cast of Urn, $5.00; to artist, $1.00; expressage, Urn to foundry and back, $10.00; incidentals, $1.35; expenses, committee C. R., A. B. and R. E., $5.50; prisoners' account, $4.00; base for bronze Urn, $6.50; photos of Urn, $33.00; July 19-28: Tarrytown trials and incidentals, $15.00; postage, telegrams and telephones from July 2 to September 1, $19.31. Total, $347.33—Deficit, $11.34.

RANGEL-CLINE, SUHR-FORD SOCIAL, PORTLAND

Receipts at door, $42.00; contributions, $5.00; buffet, $7.00; raffle, $7.00—$61.00.

Expenses, hall, $10.00; music, $13.00; dishes, $2.00; incidentals, $1.00—$26.00. Balance sent, $35.00.

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